

## Looking at You

I sit down and I never know where to go—  
this morning I saw you for the first time.  
You wouldn't keep still.  
"Very active," sang the chorus.  
And I thought, these are useful people  
these, not like my kind, the vague kind,  
the sleepwalkers who dream on their feet  
with their nose in a corner.

You wouldn't stay still  
so they fastened two belts about your mother's belly  
and tried to listen again.  
The static was your jabs, punches, kicks  
and the amplified mono beat  
your heart,  
which I saw in its cage,  
a black bud pulsing.

That was the first time I ever saw you—  
the doctor traced the outline of your fragile spine,  
indicated your head.  
The dark areas were the medium,  
some of which had spilled down your mother's leg  
during the night.

Afterwards she looked at me with dream-blue eyes  
and begged to know how it had felt.  
"Was it beautiful?"  
She told me again that the first time she saw you she cried  
and I told her that I knew that,  
I already knew that she cried the first time she saw you.

And me, what did I do?  
I just looked at you.  
I couldn't do anything but look.